

CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

Agnes Robert Smith

Mike Hoffman

Ron Wolfe

Dan Spigle

Mark Nelson

Sholly Fisch

Colleen Doran





by
D. C. Chickwater

Firetrap
James Robert Smith
writer

Mike Hollman
editor/letterer

Glitter and Go
Rory Wells
writer

Dan Spangle
artist
Carter Spangle
letterer

Mazes of the Mind
Mark Nelson
writer/artist
Willis S. Johnson
letterer

Dear Diary
Shelly Fish
writer
Colleen Dunn
artist
Tade Mendo
letterer

by
Mae McLaurin

large and small poetry illustrations by
Nicholas J. Jirouchy

cartoon illustrations by
John Van Fleet

Bill Koch
cover art by
Ted McKown



FOREWORD

In that dark attic that passes for our minds, there accumulates dementia, some of which may still be considered felonies in the 48 continental United States. And, as with all attics, ours can use the occasional cleaning, clearing out normalized abnormalities to make room for new tibbons. In other words, gentle reader, it's odds and ends this intro out—and, considering the nature of this book, more odd than anything.

First, an apology to Peter Atkins, author of our third issue's "Songs of Metal and Flesh"; it seems Mr. Atkins' name was awkwardly mangled to "Atkins." Given the fact that Pete is currently scripting *Hellraiser III*, it seems best to make amends before we send up victims of silk or screen Canibals. Everything okay now, Pete? Everything square between us? "Sure, Dan . . . square," says Pete. "Like a puzzle box. Did I tell you about the scene I just wrote about the corpse and . . ."

Oh, well. Such is life . . . or, as they're not.

Speaking of editors (like that *is*, guess?), a question I'm sometimes asked (or maybe I'm not . . . you Hanger really know for sure now, will you? Ah, the sweet thrill of sowing the seeds of mild paranoia . . .) is, "Exactly what do you do on that *Hellraiser* book?"—aside from rambling for 300 odd words each issue, that is. Well, "Consulting Editor" is basically a nice way of saying "Hanger-On-Who-Sticks-His-Two-Cents-In-Where-They're-Not-Always-Wanted" or, "The-Human-Equivalent-Of-A-Room-Full-Of-Mothers-And-Type-writers." While Marc does the *rough* work on this tome—refining stories, dealing with art and creators, seeing things through to the final printed issue—I spend critical h.s. on the inner workings of the ether-regions; you know, stuff like "Celebrate Masturbation." It's not what you call a living, but I like to think that next to Hell itself, I'm the next best thing to being there.

But enough about my view of down below . . . more important we should look to the talent assembled this issue, eager to share their visions of our favorite hot place with each of you. Mark Nelson, he of Dark Horse Aliens fame (and to mention an up-coming tale of the Nightbreed for Epic), explores Hell's innermost workings with "Mazes of the Mind"; keep the aspen nearby for this one, kids, 'cause Mark's given new meaning to the word "headache." *Hellraiser* alumni Sholly Fisch unlocks the disturbing tale and deadly secrets inside "Dear Diary"; Sholly's teamed this time out with artist Coleen Bordin, just back from that scary Sandman place (for all DC Comics). Writer Ross Wolfe, a name you'll see creeping up again in these pages, takes sibling rivalry in new heights with "Giltner and Go"; Dan Spiegel, does up the art honors on "Giltner," and his talents can also be seen in the upcoming Hollywood Superstars series. And finally, no strangers to these shores James Robert Smith and Mike Hoffman team up once more to spring their "Firetrap"; it's unwholesome family fun.

Enjoy these puzzles we've brought for you, gentle reader, but take care as you work their mysteries. We want you back again, you know.

Oh, yes, indeed we do . . .

Daniel Chichester
consulting editor





THIS CAN'T BE
HAPPENING
THIS



THINGS BECOME

CAN'T BE,
SPYRON! DO YOU
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
SAYING? IT'S
CRAZY!

YOU'VE GOT TO
BELIEVE ME! I'M
NOT CRAZY, AND
IT'S NOT LIES! HE
REALLY IS
NOT HUMAN!



LOOK, SPYRON, WE ALL
KNOW YOUR BROTHER
SUSANNE, BUT HE'S
NOT INSANE! YOU HAVE
HIS BRAIN! SPYRON WILL
TALK AND YOU'LL KNOW
THAT'S NOT THAT
UNUSUAL

BUT YOU
DON'T
UNDERSTAND!
IT'S IN MY
BOOK!
THAT
DARKER
BOOK!



WHAT KIND OF BOOK?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND
WHAT YOU'RE TALK-
ING ABOUT

IT'S A BOOK
OF BOOKS...

BOOKS?!
WHAT'S SO
BAD ABOUT

SHUT UP!
SHUT UP AND
LET ME
FINISH!



AND THEN THE WORDS WERE FLOWING
OUT OF HIS MOUTH AND HE COULD GET
THEM OUT! HE PROBABLY WROTE
CARDS OF SCRIPTING, AT AND REE,
WHICH HE LISTENED

SOMEONE WILL DO IT
ALL RIGHT, SPYRON! NOBODY
KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING, WHAT
HE WILL DO, WHAT HE'S CAP-
ABLE OF DOING! NO ONE
BELIEVES ME, THEY THINK

IT'S CRAZY! BUT
OF COURSE THAT
WOULD SAY THAT
BOOK... OH, WELL,
NO!



THEY HAD TO
WATCH HIM READ
OUT OF IT. THEY HAD TO
LOOK AT IT. THEN HE
HAD THEM OPEN
IT UP IN FRONT OF
THEM AND THEN
HE'D TALK TO THEM
SO THAT THEY COULD
HEAR THE VOICES
FROM THOSE
RECORDING
PHONES!

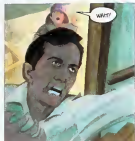


AND THE BOOKS, WHAT DO YOU
DO WITH A BOOK, SPYRON? IF I
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING
I'D KNOW, I'D KNOW IT! BUT THAT'S NOT
IT! THAT'S NOT IT!



WHAT YOU DO WITH A
BOOK IS TO READ IT
OUT ON THE BLACK SCREEN!

AND THEN HE
HAD THEM
READ THAT
BOOK AND
HE'D TALK TO
A GROUP OF
PEOPLE







SOMEWHERE, WORKING MEN SPOKE. BRICK SHOWS THE DOUGLASS PLAN FLUKE, A FLUKE TO BE SOLVED TO OPEN THE WAY HE SEEMS. PLACES THE KEY INTO THE LOCK, AND TURNED IT



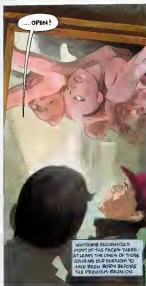
THE DOORS TO ALL OPEN HERE.



WHAT ANSWER?









HE KNEW THE
HOUSE WAS...



WE WENT FROM ONE ROOM
TO THE NEXT, LEAVING BE-
TERANCES UP AND REMEM-
BERING IN HURRY TO LEAVE
OUR FOOTPRINTS IN THE
PLACE.



AND EACH TIME HE
LEAPED INTO THE DOOR
BEHIND HIM, HE WOULD
BE GOING.



NOTHING CHANGED TO ME
FOLLOWING HIM, AND HE
WENT NOTHING AS HE
CAME.









ALL OF THESE PEOPLE,
DEAD. PERHAPS, THEN,
ONLY WANTED STROEN
ONLY STROEN AND THEN
THEY COULD REST.



THEN HE'D GIVE
THEM WHAT
THEY WANTED.



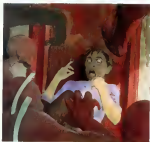
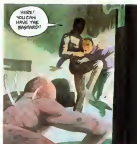
REMEMBER THIS
LITTLE CORRIDOR, STROEN?
WE HAD TO RUN UP AND
DOWN IT WHEN WE WERE
KIDS. BROKE OURSelves
CRAZY.

YEAH YEAH,
JUST LET ME
DO FIRST,
DANN?



OUTSIDE, THEN
COULD HEAR STEPS
APPROACHING
SOMETHING
CHECKED AGAINST
THE DOORWAYS.

YEAH SURE.
ONLY HURRY, BE-
CAUSE THAT DOOR
WOULDN'T STOP THEM.







Ron Wolk
writer
Dan Spiggle
artist
Carrie Spiggle
letterer

GLITTER AND GO

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I COULDN'T SEE, COULDN'T BREATHE. I WAS TOO SCARED TO MOVE, BUT ALLEN'S BROTHER, YOU GAVE LOOKING FOR ME.

AND LOST HIM FOR ME. BLINDED AND BURNED FOR ME... THAT'S A HELL OF A DEBT THAT I OWE. SO I'VE GOT TO REMEMBER-

THE HARTSHORNE TOWER OVERLOOKS DOWNTOWN SEATTLE FROM A HEIGHT OF 30 STORIES. BUT FLEX HUNTER CAN'T HEAR TO PERFORM THE MORNING VISA FROM THE ROOFTOP.

DON'T CALL THEM LEFTWARDS.

FLEX REGARDS THIS SILENT GATHERING OF PEOPLE WITH A FEAR AS COLD AS THE STREAMS OF GRAY MIST THAT CLING TO THE HIGHEST LEVELS OF THE OFFICE TOWER.

THE HARTSHORNE TOWER OVERLOOKS DOWNTOWN SCOTTLE FROM A HEIGHT OF 50 STORIES, BUT PLEX PRINTER DON'T HAVE TO FORGIVE THE MORNING VIEW FROM THE ROOFTOP.

ALSO, REMOVED THIS SILENT GATHERING OF PEOPLE WITH A FEAR AS COLD AS THE STREAMS OF GRAY SMOKE THAT CLING TO THE HIGHEST LEVELS OF THE OFFICE TOWER.



DR. WILLIAM TRUITT IS EQUIPPED WITH THE LATEST IN ELECTRONIC SURVEILLANCE AND CAMERA GEAR. SOME OF WHICH HE DEVELOPED. HE TRUSTS NONE OF THIS HIGH-TECH SUBTLETY TO PROTECT HIM TO THE LEVEL OF HIS OWN INTUITION... AND A GOOD PART OF DINDOGLARE.



TAKE US CLOSER TO THE ROOFTOP.

ALERT!



THERE ARE SIMPLE MORTAL THINGS THAT MORTAL PEOPLE DO EVERY DAY. TRADING COINS, TAKING OFF BITS OF JEWELRY...



BUT TRUITT KEEPS A CLOSE WATCH, KNOWING FULL WELL THE DUTY OF A HORROR OF SIMPLE THINGS



TEAM ALERT! WATCH FOR THE GLITTER!







ALAN ESCAPED FROM THE SLUG OF THE CROWD THE ONLY WAY HE COULD—OVER THE EDGE OF THE ROOFTOP.



THE PINK-BLINDER IS TAKING A PERSONALITY A WAY TO NAVIGATE THE CONCRETE DAZZLE OF THE CITY'S AIR SPACE.



THE MOMENT TO SEE AND THE ONLY HE CAN RECOGNIZE HIS INDIVIDUALS, HIS VICTIMS—



ALL TOO LATE, THEY SCREAM AND SCRAM AT THE AIR.



A FLASH OF BLISTER-LIGHT
THE MIDWINTER IS GONE FROM
ALEX'S SIGHT



ALEX'S THOUGHTS CAN'T
TELL IF IT'S GOING
TO HOLD



HE FORCES HIMSELF TO LOOK CLOSELY, TO SEARCH AMONG THE LIVING AND THE DEAD FOR THE WOMAN WHO SEEMED TO HAVE VANISHED IN MID-AIR.



SHE IS NOT AMONG THEM.

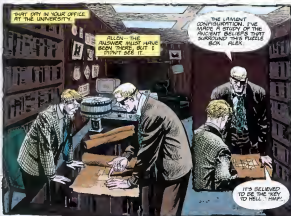
LOVE...
LOVE...
LOVE...



THE ENGINE CLEARS FROM ALLEN'S HEAD. THE PAIN DISAPPEARS. HIS EYES OPEN TO HORROR AT THE BASE OF THE TOWER...THE BODIES, THE SCRAMBLERS WITH THEIR BLOODED HANDS FULL OF MONEY AND JEWELRY.



ALLEN,
ALLEN I NEED
YOU MORE I NEED
HELP ALLEN I
CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS...



WANT OFF IN YOUR OFFICE
AT THE UNIVERSITY

ALLEN—THE
ANSWER MUST HAVE
BEEN THERE, BUT I
DIDN'T SEE IT.

THE LATENT
CONFIGURATION. I'VE
MADE A STUDY OF THE
ANCIENT BELIEF'S THAT
SURROUND THIS FLEETLY
BOX. ALAN.

IT'S BELIEVED
TO BE THE KEY
TO HELL. HMM.



I DON'T
BELIEVE IN HELL,
LITTLE BROTHER,
EXCEPT FOR HELL
ON EARTH...



BUT
I'VE COME TO
BE CONVINCED THE
ONLY GOOD WORK—
THAT IT OPENS THE
WAY INTO ANOTHER
WORLD, ANOTHER
DIMENSION,
ANOTHER
SCIENCE.



BEING
WAS A BLIND WON'T
KEEP ME FROM BEING
THE DISCOVERER OF
THE WORLD. ALAN.
BECAUSE THE MATHS
LEARNED SO MUCH
MORE...



THE FLAWY
COMBINATION, THE
TURNS OF LETTERS,
THE COMBINATION
BOX.



ALL THESE YEARS,
I'VE BEEN APPROACHING
FOR THE LAYOUT BOX,
BUT NOW, I'VE LEARNED
THERE MAY BE THOUSANDS
OF BOXES, THOUSANDS
OF KEYS.



ALL I
NEED IS TO
FIND ONE!

I COULD
WAIT!



IF I NEED YOU
LITTLE BOY...
I'LL CALL.

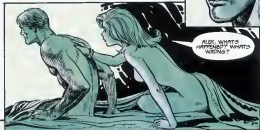
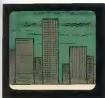


"HE KNOWS THE WEIGHT
OF DIRT THAT I CARRIED
EVER SINCE THE FIRST
HORN BLOW. I WANTED TO
FIGHT BACK, BUT DIRT
BUT EVEN THE LOOK ON
HIS FACE SEEMED
INTENDED TO MAKE
ME FEEL INADEQUATE."

"I NEVER COULD REPRODUCE
THE NUMBERS TO OPEN A
COMBINATION LOCK."







IN THE LOBBY OF THE HARTSHORNE TOWER—







ALEX ALEX ALEX



ALLEN!

A LIFETIME OF PAST-UP
QUIT COMED SCREAMING
OUT OF HIM.



I SET THE
FIRE IN THE
BEDROOM, ALLEN.
I MEANT TO KILL
YOU ALIVE—AND
YOU'VE ALWAYS
KEPTAN IT. GREAT
TEST.



I WAS
ONLY A KID,
ALLEN—A 10-YEAR-
OLD KID, JEALOUS
OF YOU.

BUT I'M THE
ONE TO BLAME. I'M
THE ONE TO BE
PUNISHED FOR IT,
ALLEN—NOT
JESSE.



NOT THE OTHERS, SO MANY
OTHERS, ALLEN! DID THEY
DO FOR ANY REASON
EXCEPT TO BRING ME HERE?



WHAT DID YOU WHISPER
TO THEM, ALLEN? WHAT
DID YOU PROMISE THEM?
WHAT TERRIBLE LIE?

IS IT YOU THAT I FEEL
IN MY HEAD?



STEPS TO
SPECIAL ELEVATOR
TO TWENTY-ONE.
STEPS TO TWENTY-
THREE...

JESSE!
WAIT!



THE LIGHT SHOWS HIM THAT GEORGE'S CAR HAS STOPPED ON THE TWENTY-FIRST FLOOR...

ELEVATOR TO TWENTY-ONE...



A CONVERSATION!

STOPPED TO THIRTY-THREE SEVEN, TWENTY-ONE, THIRTY-THREE...



LIKE THE NORMALS TO ALLOW CONVERSATION LOCK.



INSTEAD OF LEFT TURN, RIGHT TURN, STOPS AND ELEVATORS.

OF COURSE! A SCOURGE BARRON ON THE HUNDREDS OF THE FLOORS, ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP OF THE BUILDING.



BUT RIGHT HAPPENED WHEN THE LOCK OFFSET?



FLUX RIDES STRAIGHT TO THE TOP—BUT NOT FAST ENOUGH.

GEORGE! GET BACK FROM THE STAIRS...





TELL
THAT TO! :-)

TELL
HIM HOW THE
PUZZLE
WORKS!



SWOOP



FWOOSH

I JUMPED
TO THE TOP BY
THE RIGHT
CONNECTION.

WHEN I
JUMPED... I FELL
THROUGH A
SCISSOR...



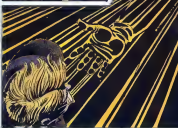
--TO THE
DIFFERENT
DIMENSION THAT
ALLEN DISCOVERED
AHEAD OF ME.



ALLEN! I CAN
FEEL YOU, ALLEN...
BUT MY HEAD-NOODLES
OUT THE PROBLEM FOR
ME. TELLING ME THE
ANSWERS.



"JUST LIKE OLD TIMES. ISN'T IT,
ALLEN? -- YOU NEVER COULD
STAND TO WAIT FOR ME TO
FIGURE THINGS OUT FOR MYSELF"



HELLO, LITTLE BROTHER.
"YOU FOUND ME."



MAZE of the MIND

Mark Nelson: writer/artist
Willie Schubert: letterer

WELL, THAT WASN'T WHAT I
WANTED. NOT FOR MY PUPPET,
BUT FOR ME!



I COULDN'T HAVE
PREDICTED THAT
THIS WOULD HAPPEN.

IN OUR PRESENT MIND, WE
NOT KNOW, IT WAS THOUGHT.

I WAS A FINE
THAT WAS
CONTRASTING
WITH THE
FOR A FINE
MOMENT OF
SOLUTION.

THE BOX BECAME AN EMBROIDERED SPIDER

AND THE
CLOUTER
TO THE
PURE
SOLUTION

PURPLE IS NOT
UNCOMMON

IT WOULD BE THE
WORLD TO HAVE THE
PURPLE FORM

IT'S SOMETHING YOU CAN
THE SILENCE OF

THE BURN MACHINE* WITH
EXTRACTION CUBE!



THE BURN MACHINE* WITH
EXTRACTION CUBE!

THE BURN MACHINE* WITH
EXTRACTION CUBE!



THE BURN MACHINE* WITH
EXTRACTION CUBE!



THE BURN MACHINE* WITH
EXTRACTION CUBE!



THE GREAT WRATH
OF GARTHUS
UNLEASHED
SUDDENLY, AND
WITH THAT FURY
MATERIALIZED.

THE GREAT WRATH
OF GARTHUS
UNLEASHED
SUDDENLY, AND
WITH THAT FURY
MATERIALIZED.

IT'S NOT THAT
EXTENSIVE, THERE
MIGHT BE

IT'S NOT THAT
EXTENSIVE, THERE
MIGHT BE

IT'S NOT THAT
EXTENSIVE, THERE
MIGHT BE



THE MESSY END IS TO
EXPOSE THE REALITY
OF A NEW AGE!



THE MESSY END IS TO
EXPOSE THE REALITY
OF A NEW AGE!



IT MUST BE REAL!



IT MUST BE REAL!



ALL THE OTHER
SOURCES OF
THE MESSY END
OF A NEW AGE!

NOT A COMPLEX
AND BUT
SOURCES OF
THE MESSY END



ENTER THE
MAGNIFICENT
MAGNETIC
MAGNET
MAGNET



A MAGNET



A MAGNET
MAGNET
MAGNET



Now Enter the
MAGNET



Now Enter the
MAGNET





HOW CAN
I JUST BE
KILLED
AND
FORGOTTEN?



THE PRISON WAS LOST



WELL, THEY
REPEATEDLY
ATTACKED
OR
KILLED



THEY WERE CAPTURED TO
BRING THEM TO A



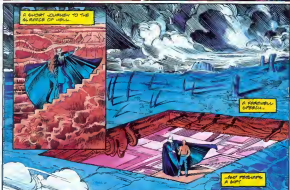
NEW GATEWAY



OUR PRESENT UNPLEASURES
IS NOT OVER



JUST A FEW
MORE MISTERS



A SHORT JOURNEY TO THE
LAND OF THE DEAD

A MISTRESS
OF THE

THE MISTRESS
A MIST



WELL, THE MISTRESS
WILL BE THE MISTRESS
FOR THE MISTRESS



WELL, THE MISTRESS
WILL BE THE MISTRESS
FOR THE MISTRESS

THE MISTRESS
A MIST

THIS OPERATOR WILL HAVE THE
INFORMATION AND WE'LL MONITOR
AND YOU HAVE TO PROTECT
THE BOY

BUT WE WANT
YOUR IDENTITY
BEFORE WE
CAN

YOU'RE TOO SILENT. MY
NAME IS GIBSON.

NO, WE WANT TO IDENTIFY
YOUR NEW PARTNER. GIBSON
WAS YOUR PARTNER, WASN'T HE?

WELCOME TO EARTH.

YOUR INFORMATION
WASN'T SO GOOD. IN FACT,
IT WASN'T TRUE.





Quiet & Secret
I've kept it
hidden for
years.

I'm going
to keep these
things close
around me.

And then
I'm going to
burn it.

Dear Diary



Shelly Fisch
writer
Colleen Doran
artist
Jade Moody
letterer

Dear Diary,

You'll never guess what happened today: Bill Stresco asked me out! Bill Stresco!!! I was at the mall with Jackie and he came right out and asked me in front of Jackie and every one! I could've just died.



not even like we're going with a bunch of people or anything. It's just him and me!

Dear Diary,

Mark this on the calendar:
Today is the greatest day of my life! I went
to the carnival with Bill, and felt magic
was in the air!



"our secret gift!" Oh, that's so romantic
I could die!!! I'm going to hide the box

secret place behind the drawer,
so the only people who know about it
are Bill and me... and you, Mary.

I wonder what Bill is thinking
about me right now. I really like him.



never show it to anyone, even if Bill
and I live to be 100.

Dear Diary,

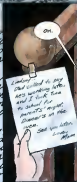
I can't understand it.

I was in the hallway at school today when Bill walked by and he didn't even notice me.



wouldn't even talk to me later in math class! What happened? What did

I do wrong? It's like it's all my fault
but now it's not even mine.



so crazy and weird. Everything was so beautiful yesterday -- how some things change so fast. It means, it thought we had something, but now, all I've left is that cube he gave me. That stupid cube.

Dear Diary

Bunny--that purple boy is harder to figure out than it looks. I was up all night last night trying to



getting easier and I guess I'll get it soon. It can't be that hard.

Dear Diary:

I'm not getting anywhere with this cube, I'm going to start keeping a tally of what I've tried so far. Maybe I



25. Turn left 90° counter, then right to face right side a half twist, next right side back 24) Press top, turn middle twice give left a 3/4 turn...

Dear Diary,
25) 80° turn, face right corner, press top, turn left inward 74 turn, turn top left corner



43) Press whole, turn left side 74 turn, Press top counter-clockwise 74 around, turn bottom right corner.

Dear Diary,

I hate my parents! They practically forced me to go to school today -- and just what I need close



I can feel it -- tonight's the night I'm going to solve this thing.

HEAVY. THAT
MIGHT DO IT.

IT HAD TO BE
THE HEAVY.



IT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU
COULD GET THEM THE
TRUE EXPOSURE. LET
ALL THE PEOPLE SEE
IT.

I COULD GET READY TO
GO TO SCHOOL WITH THEM.
BUT WHY COULD I HAVE
THEIR HEAVY?

I-- I KNOW I REALLY GOT
HUNGRY BY THE TIME I GOT
TO SCHOOL.



I DIDN'T KNOW THE
HEAVY WOULD BE THERE!
I-- I--



HEAVY! HEAVY! HEAVY!
YOU HAVE TO BE HEAVY!
YOU HAVE TO BE HEAVY!
HEAVY!



HEAVY!
HEAVY!

HEAVY! IF
HEAVY! IF
HEAVY!



HEAVY! IF
HEAVY! IF
HEAVY!

The End

TRANSFORM

AFTERWORD

It was night, and the subject was fear.

The five of us were sitting around after a long day of speaking with men with torn faces and women with blood-soaked t-shirts, telling what polite company would call anecdotes. But the polite term didn't fool us. We were telling *ghost stories*.

They were little stories—you know the type—like the “most escaped murderer caught in the lady’s back seat of the gas station,” and the “dummed tire spiker” exploding out of the Mexican street the poet brought. And of course, having heard that these stories happened to your neighbor’s friend’s barbie’s sister, you know they just have to be true, right? At least these ones tonight you peel back the layers of hearsay-hearsay-doesy, and point out the carefully disguised moral.

So we sat around telling these ghost st . . . horror st . . . **urban myths**, trying to stardize and desensitize ourselves to the peeling little horrifying details that kept jumping up the fronts of our shirts, shortening our breath, and pounding at our hearts. And we laughed, because we had to. We were scared.

The fact that we’d been at a horror convention all day didn’t help. The explicit make-up and life-like masks cying us early volantly all day were enough to freak any one. What made it all worth while was your impressive response to what we’re doing in the pages of **Hellraiser**—and your excitement at the announcement of our upcoming bimonthly *stages* (More on that a bit later). It’s always your response that keeps us going— which is why I encourage you all to take a moment and scribble yours. Write to **Hellraiser**, care of the address printed in the indication the inside back cover. Include very letter, and you may even get a response one time or another, in any way or another.

So anyway, the subject was fear. And after we had all, often to death, and saw it all as just-up-future group human nature and possibly, hey, to even these horrific stories from his group, subconscious as a result, making him his his his. After all of this, we all made our way to darkened rooms, and easily found sleep.

Yeah, sure.

After all, there’s something . . . comforting in knowing that the most horrible story you ever heard may have been only that, a story, and there’s nothing really to be afraid of.

Yeah, sure.

Subject closed.

Yeah, . . . sure.

Marc McLaurin
editor



Chloe Barker

comedian

R. Dean Brunsman

director

Daniel Clichéster

comedian/actor

Marc Evans

comedian/actor

Mark McLennan

actor

Carl Potts

comedian/actor
Ep. Comics

Tom DeFina

actor/writer

Alex Foy

actor/director

Editorial assistance: Lisa Cramer, Chicago, Ill.
Production: Paul Thomas, Seattle, Wash., 81

CLIVE BARKER'S HOT LIPS WITH

Book 1: No one has been able to produce
a better book than this one.

Book 2: No one has been able to produce
a better book than this one.

CLIVE BARKER'S HOT LIPS WITH

Book 3: No one has been able to produce
a better book than this one.

Book 4: No one has been able to produce
a better book than this one.

Book 5: No one has been able to produce
a better book than this one.

CLIVE BARKER'S HOT LIPS WITH

Book 6: No one has been able to produce
a better book than this one.

Book 7: No one has been able to produce
a better book than this one.

Cenobites weave unholy patterns
with ropey strands of brain tissue.
A tortured soul binds the pages of
a young girl's diary. The smallest
flicker of Hell's fire is all it takes
to char a family's flesh.
Sacrificing a brother's eye leads to
a dark cult of suicide. They're all
tasty parts of one of Clive
Barker's diabolic playthings, a
puzzle still in need of a few more
pieces . . .

... why not see if you fit in?

